



Carol Service

DECEMBER 17, 1948

All are asked to stand and sing the three hymns and to stand during the reading of the Fifth Lesson. Carols will be sung by the girls only.

Opening Hymn: "Once In Royal David's City" All

Prayer:

Carol: "Bethlehem Lay A-sleeping" Grades I-II

First Lesson: Isaiah 11, v. 1-9 To be read by the Principal

Carol: "The Bell Carol" Grades III-IV

Second Lesson: Isaiah 35 To be read by a Senior Girl

Carol: "Christmas Long Ago" Grades V-VI

Third Lesson: St. Matthew 1, v. 18-25 To be read by the Head Girl

Hymn: "See Amid the Winter's Snow" All

Address: His Grace, the Archbishop

Carol: "Hark, What Mean Those Holy Voices?" Grades X-XI

Fourth Lesson: St. Luke 2, v. 1-14 To be read by a Senior Girl

Carol: "The Bells Are Ringing" Grades VII-VIII-IX

Fifth Lesson: St. John 1, v. 1-14 To be read by the Archbishop

Benediction:

Closing Hymn: "O Come All Ye Faithful" All

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I. ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

Once in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
 In a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
 Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all his wondrous childhood,
 He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
 In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
 Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

II. BETHLEHEM LAY ASLEEPING

Polish

Bethlehem lay asleeping,
Long, so long ago;
Twinkling stars were peeping,
Long, so long ago.
When to earth a Baby came,
The little Jesus was His name,
So long, long ago.

Kings came to adore Him,
Long, so long ago;
Low knelt down before Him,
Long, so long ago.
Wandering shepherds left their sheep,
To see their little Lord asleep,
So long, long ago.

Angels sweetly singing,
Long, so long ago;
Sent His praises ringing,
Long, so long ago.
Children, too, their love may bring
To Him who came to be our King
So long, long ago.

III. THE BELL CAROL

Arr. Margaret Lyell

Shepherds have left their sheep,
Merrily ding-a-ding-a-dong;
All for a child asleep
Joyful our song.
Low in the manger lies,
Merrily ding-a-ding-a-dong,
Lord of the starry skies
Joyful our song.

Wise men have come to see,
Merrily ding-a-ding-a-dong;
Jesus on Mary's knee,
Joyful our song.
See the star shine for them
Merrily ding-a-ding-a-dong,
High over Bethlehem
Joyful our song.

Hark to the bells that ring,
Merrily ding-a-ding-a-dong;
Jesus is born a King
Joyful our song.
Bells in the air above
Merrily ding-a-ding-a-dong,
Ringings of peace and love
Joyful our song.

IV. CHRISTMAS LONG AGO

Dunhill

Little Jesus had no cradle,
None to rock Him to and fro.
Mary laid Him in a manger
That first Christmas long ago.
Little Jesus had no candle,
Not a light to burn and glow:
Just a Star looked down to bless Him
That first Christmas long ago.

Little Jesus had no pillow
When the winds came down to blow,
Nestling in the sweet brown grasses,
That first Christmas long ago.
Little Jesus had no music
Lullabies so soft and low,
Sleepy birds sang in the fir trees
That first Christmas long ago.

V. SEE AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW

See amid the Winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below;
See the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

Hail, thou ever-blessed morn;
Hail, redemption's happy dawn;
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Lo, within a manger lies --
He who built the starry skies;
He who throned in height sublime
Sits amid the cherubim!

Hail, thou ever-blessed morn;

Say, ye holy shepherds, say
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?

Hail, thou ever-blessed morn;

'As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing "Peace on earth"
Told us of the Saviour's birth.'

Hail, thou ever-blessed morn;

Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

Hail, thou ever-blessed morn;

Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility.

Hail, thou ever-blessed morn;

VI. HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES

Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th'angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise.
Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy --
'Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God on high!

Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God on high.'

'Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,
Reaching to earth's utmost bound;
Man redeemed, his sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
'Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God on high!'

'Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him
'Glory be to God on high!'
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

VII. THE BELLS ARE RINGING

Lupton

O'er the snow of sparkling whiteness
Steals a sound upon the ear,
There to linger with a brightness,
Sweetest memories ever dear,
Soft and low the bells are ringing,
In the heavens the angels sing.

As the stars were softly glowing
Over Bethlehem's city bright,
Once the Lord of all the ages
Came from out the realms of light.
Soft and low the bells are ringing,
In the heavens the angels sing.

Sweet the strains of seraph voices
As the angels took their flight,
Downward to the lowly stable,
Circled it with radiant light,
Soft and low the bells are ringing
In the heavens the angels sing!

VIII. O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of angels:

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest:

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

